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Tribute to
Abraham Lincoln
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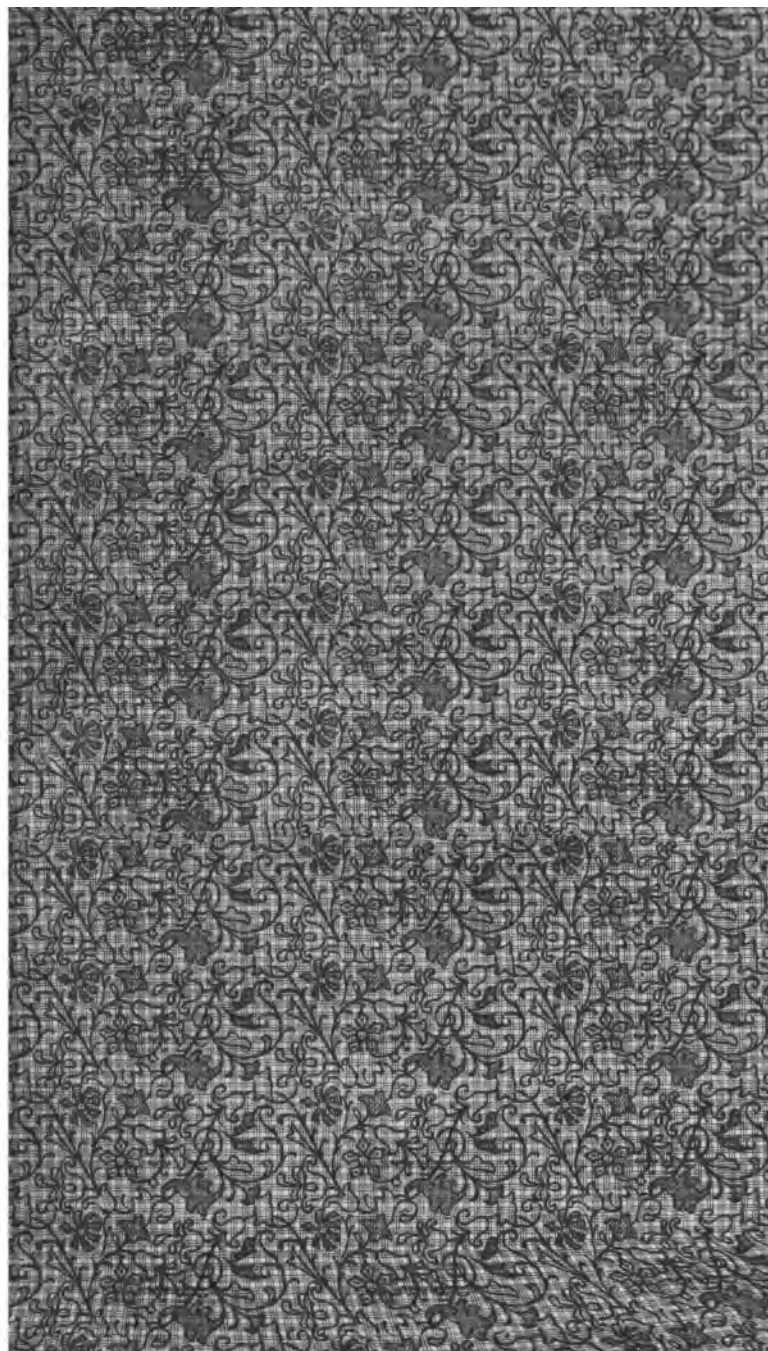
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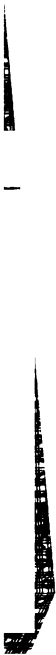
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THE BEQUEST OF
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1918





A TRIBUTE
TO
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
OUR BELOVED AND LAMENTED PRESIDENT.

BY
MRS. CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

BOSTON:
W. L. HAYDEN, 85 COURT STREET.



OUR COUNTRY'S MARTYR.

THE great heart of the nation has been stirred,
And in each deep pulsation may be heard
One wild, despairing cry of grief and shame
That deed so foul should tarnish its fair fame, —
So foul, so hellish, even Treason's brand
Grows dim beside the assassin's red right hand.
Oh, after years of sturdy, patient toil
To banish one great evil from the soil,
To wipe away from Freedom's glorious fane
The first, the last, the only guilty stain,
And place upon her broad, white, matchless brow
The gem so doubly consecrated now,
To know that one so base could ever be
An offspring of thy land, proud Liberty!

'Tis nothing new, this crime of regicide;
'For monarchs have in other eras died
Victims of treason; and the guilty stain

Through time's mutations ever must remain
As milestones, marking well the rise and fall
Of pride and power, its halo and its pall.
But ne'er before has time's recording pen
A second Judas named 'mong mortal men.
Oh, with all reverence for that sacred name,
Which stands the homage of a world to claim,
I dare the epithet once more repeat,
And hurl it all the wide world's scorn to meet!

Our country's Saviour! Let us backward trace
The eventful years no touch may e'er erase,
And mark how simple yet how grand may be
The framework even of a destiny.

A rude log-cabin, far in Western wildwood,
Sheltered his infancy and sunny childhood;
And here we find him at his mother's knee,
Eager for knowledge as for sweets the bee,
Gathering from every source within his reach
All that her own or nature's tongue could teach;
Finding in tree and flower and singing brook
Much that he missed from sermon or from book;
Laying a firm foundation for each hour,
Destined to bear its weight of unseen power.

And here that truthful character was moulded,
 And here the germ of genius first unfolded,
 Until the sturdy youthful pioneer
 Could distance many a proud and learned compeer.

Inured to hardships, poverty, and toil,
 He coolly parried each successive foil,
 Shirking no duty, shrinking from no pain,
 So *truth* and *mercy* might supremely reign;
 Modest and humble, energetic, brave,
 Equal to what emergency might crave,
 Bowing with meek submission to the rod,
 When grief bespoke the chastening hand of God.
 His cabin home was all the world to him;
 There happiness had circled to its brim;
 Peace, if not plenty, ever nestled there,
 And love and truth made e'en privations fair.
 Alas, how sad to him the first great change, —
 The approach of death, so fearful and so strange!
 What wonder if it sent an icy chill
 To the young heart that could not yet "be still,"
 And know "'twas God," even though each parting
 word
 Had every impulse to obedience stirred?

"I have no mother now!" was all he said,
 As, standing by the rudely-coffined dead,
 He saw the rude grave hollowed for her rest
 Who, of all earth, to him was holiest, best.
 Devoid of even the most common rites we pay
 To strangers who amongst us pass away,
 Only a widely-scattered, faithful few,
 Who all her worth and virtues truly knew,
 Gathered to grace that humble funeral scene,
 And whisper truths would keep her memory green
 After long years had swept away all trace
 Of that lone grave in that sequestered place.
 To him, the well-nigh broken-hearted child,
 That simple mound grew holy as he piled,
 Day after day, his loving tributes there,
 Of tears and promises and silent prayer.
 And who may doubt but that her teachings still
 Came lovingly to help kind nature drill
 The active mind, predestined, even then,
 To make itself immortal among men?

We find him now, in manhood's early pride,
 Patiently threading pathways all untried;
 Ever and ever struggling to attain

Some higher point, more knowledge to obtain.
 And this was all. No wild, ambitious schemes
 Seem ever to have 'gendered idle dreams
 Of future greatness, no base greed of gold,
 Or name or fame or honors manifold, —
 Only the thoughtful, earnest wish to be
 The builder of a fair, bright destiny.
 Ah! little dreamed he that an unseen hand
 Was moulding him to suit some project grand,
 Or that the iron will of Fate would lead
 Him to the front in Freedom's greatest need;
 Help him to stem the seething, furious tide
 Of ripe Rebellion in its damning pride;
 Mount step by step the pinnacle of Fame,
 And leave emblazoned there a Martyr's name.

It was a proud day, ne'er to be effaced,
 When he on Indiana soil had traced,
 By means of a rude stick, the name
 Of Abraham Lincoln, all unknown to fame;
 Prophetic it might be, since public acts
 Have registered full many weighty facts
 Redounding to his credit far and wide,
 Ever with truth and justice on their side,

From the eventful moment when he wrote
 His first brief letter, — framing hopes which smote
 The tender heart from which they sprung, since
 here

His mother's form had mouldered a whole year,
 And he had labored hard to acquire the art
 So coveted with all his boyish heart, —
 To bring the distant minister, and crave
 A funeral sermon o'er his mother's grave,
 Up to the hour when, honored, trusted, great,
 We find his name inscribed on every State.

God helpeth those who help themselves, we know;
 And Abraham Lincoln deemed no labor low,
 Or poverty disgrace, or hardy toil,
 If honest, less than great wants of the soil,
 As necessary as the light and heat
 Which wakes to life the wildwood flower so sweet,
 Or thrills the fibres of the spreading oak,
 Since from the bursting acorn first it woke;
 And so he swung the axe, or ploughed the field,
 Or studied books, determined each should yield
 Its fruitful store, proving that man may be
 The builder of his own proud destiny.

The pleading of his first case a success,
 His every after-effort none the less;
 Genial and social, generous, just, and good,
 Honest of purpose, widely understood,
 What wonder if in time he came to be
 So loved and trusted for his loyalty?—
 The representative year after year
 Of interests politicians hold most dear?
 And so, in private life, we find the same
 Calm, proud endeavor to sustain his claim
 To honor and affection, blessing and blest,
 Home circling all the heart holds pure and best.

Meanwhile, the cloud, "no bigger than a hand,"
 Was gathering slowly, surely, o'er the land;
 And he, like many another, knew full well
 The subtle power which caused its rise and swell;
 Heard the low-muttering thunder of its wrath,
 Saw all the windings of its tortuous path,
 And knew that when it burst, as burst it would,
 God's hand must stay the tempest and the flood.
 He saw the curse entailed by Slavery
 Spreading its black ban over Liberty,
 Until it shrouded, dark as funeral pall,

The high hopes proudly coveted by all
 Whose joy was in their country's well-earned glory,
 First on the pages of historic story.

He saw how Treason, with insidious smile,
 Was creeping boldly, openly, the while,
 Leaving its poisonous taint now here, now there,
 As foul malaria taints the sultry air,
 Winding its deadly, subtle serpent coil
 With threefold strength about our Southern soil,
 Hatching fresh broods of vipers, which might be
 Offsprings of that foul thing called Anarchy,
 Threatening e'er long to rise and overwhelm
 The palsied hand essaying to guide the helm,
 Until Fanaticism even grew rife,
 And party spirit challenged open strife.
 And then his lofty spirit took a tone
 Of proud resolve, scarcely as yet his own,
 And in bright gleams of patriotic fire,
 He read his country's summons, "'Come up higher!'"
 She needs a steady hand, an honest heart,
 In which self-interest has nor "lot, nor part."
 The wisdom gleaned from many a trivial thing
 Applies alike to peasant or to king,

And modest merit shall in time live down
 The sycophantic smile or envious frown.
 And Abraham Lincoln bowed to the decree,
 And took the place assigned by Destiny.

Meanwhile, the cloud "no bigger than a hand"
 Had gathered till its shadow filled the land;
 And Treason boldly stalked in open day,
 And talked of counter-rule and counter-sway,
 Electing for itself a hand to guide
 Its own rebellious interests, severed wide.
 And darker, darker grew the unhallowed stain,
 And closer riveted the bondmen's chain,
 And wilder grew the clamorous voice of hate,
 As reason strove to quell the fierce debate,
 Until the gun, at Sumter booming forth,
 Startled the loyal East and West and North.

What had they done? Tore down our dear old flag,
 And flaunted in its stead foul Treason's rag;
 Trampled upon our rights with impious scorn,
 Smiting the finger kindly raised to warn,
 And deemed that Abraham Lincoln would not dare
 Take up the gauntlet they had flung from there.

Ah! little dreamed they of the giant will
Could keep such wildly-throbbing pulses still,
And count the heart-beats of a nation's power,
Raging with fever-heat in such an hour.
The good old Ship of State had drifted long
With adverse winds and tide against her strong,
Her loose sails flapping in the fitful breeze
Skimming the surface of wide, treacherous seas;
And still the gathering tempest muttered slow,
And still the stanch ship drifted on below.
She's nearing now the narrow pass of Fate,
Through seething waves of prejudice and hate,
And rushing billows, with their giant tread,
And sunken rock and breakers just ahead!
And Sumter's gun, with sullen, deafening roar,
Still echoing along the startled shore;
While, calm and cool, and ready for the shock,
Stands Abraham Lincoln, firm as granite rock,
Until, that danger passed, the good ship lay
Ready for action in the open bay.
Seventy-five thousand men have heard the cry,
"To arms! to arms!" and, gathering rapidly,
Have sworn to crush the traitor's vile pretence,
Or nobly die in Liberty's defence.

WAR SONG FOR 1861.

Patriot sons of America,

Up and follow the stern behest,—

Not for the glory of victory,

Not the strength of your arms to test;

Neither to write upon History's page

A record of daring deeds well done,

But to give to your country's name and age

The succor she claims from each noble son.

Go not forth with the vengeful cry

Of blood for blood in this fearful strife;

In your proud resolve to conquer or die,

Remember how precious is human life.

And oh, in this hour of direst need,

Honor and Liberty both at stake,

While at every pore your interests bleed,

And at each call your energies wake,

Let your hearts go out in earnest prayer,

That God in his mercy guard the Right,

Our holy cause be his special care,
His arm of justice direct the fight.
Then gird on your armor, and strike the blow;
Be your fervent trust in his holy name,
And not in vain shall your life-blood flow,
And saved forever your country's fame.

Tramp, tramp they go, with firm, unfaltering tread,
Bright cheering rays of hope above them shed,
The starry banner floating in its light,
And gleaming bayonets flashing thick and bright,
And fond and tender memories lingering still
Where sterner thoughts, perchance, the heart should
fill.

They deemed the task assumed an easy one, —
Rebellion crushed, and victory early won;
And hopeful hearts believed the story true
That three short months would see the campaign
through,
And loud the welkin rang with songs of cheer,
As on they passed, devoid of doubt or fear,
Until the cry of murder sped before,
And patriot blood was spilled at Baltimore.

Ah! nerves were thrilled, and vengeance wakened
 then;

Our patriot boys were iron-hearted men!
 They let sweet memories fondly sink to rest
 Beneath the armor buckled o'er each breast,
 And sterner still the oft-repeated vow
 To place the victor's wreath on Freedom's brow;
 And rallying 'neath the banner's starry shield,
 They met the dastard foe on battle-field.
 Then louder, louder grew the clang of war,
 While other nations, gazing from afar,
 Waited the issue, earnest or idle fears
 Preponderating with the fleeting years.

And still another call went forth for men!
 It rang through city, village, hamlet, glen,
 And tramping on to fair Potomac's shore,
 They shout, "We come, three hundred thousand
 more!"

I may not here recount how fast they fell,
 Or of their dauntless heroism tell;
 Their deeds and names are in each loyal heart,
 Never to be erased till life depart.
 Four years of strife and tumult have sped on,

With war still raging, victory yet unwon ;
 And Abraham Lincoln stands as first he stood,
 As patriotic, virtuous, honest, good !
 No taint of treason, not one slanderous word,
 Against the man's deep probity is heard ;
 His bitter enemies have seemed to feel
 His character was bright as polished steel ;
 And casting prejudices far away,
 They give him once again the right to sway.
 And some who murmured at such snail-like pace
 Have learned that "slow and steady wins the race."

And now, just entering on a second term,
 We find him modest, active, still more firm,
 And feel the mighty crisis drawing near,
 And Peace, with all its blessings, almost here.
 And trusting to the wisdom which has been
 The controlling power of such vast machine,—
 Chief engineer, whose comprehensive mind
 Has left his predecessors far behind,—
 Know well how wise the choice, and trusting still
 The future shall more than the past fulfil.
 Slavery was dead ! He dared proclaim it so ;
 Unflinchingly his right hand struck the blow,

Wiping away thereby the guiltiest spot
 Which could the annals of proud Freedom blot,
 Leaving the march of mind with loftier tread
 To raise its banner o'er Oppression dead,
 And teach Rebellion that its own dark doom
 Was final rest within the self-same tomb.
 Great God! that ever such fair, glorious land
 As ours should wear an ignominious brand;
 That where a second Eden might have been
 A curse so foul should ever dare creep in,
 And grow in magnitude so broad and high
 Its crimes have mounted almost to the sky,
 And angels' tears, if angels ever weep,
 Must fall like rain where buried soldiers sleep!

If Abel's blood went upward with a cry
 Which called down vengeance from its seat on high,
 Must not their cries the very heavens rend,
 And bid God's vengeful brand again descend?
 Do ye not dread the smiting of his hand?—
 His curse upon your sunny Southern land,
 The birthplace of foul Treason? even worse,
 Since a second Judas claims a treble curse.
 And though from out his nameless grave no sound

Can rise to break the hush of grief profound,
The restless, wandering spirit evermore
Must wail its haunting burden o'er and o'er.

The great heart of the nation has been stirred,
And in its deep pulsations may be heard
The voice of grief from million hearts upspringing,
The burden of their common sorrow bringing.
Our country's Martyr! Henceforth hallowed name!
What sacrifice more meet could Freedom claim?
The memories from many scattered graves,
Thy patriot sons, our loved and honored braves,
Goes up like incense to thy temple fair,
And shrines its wealth of untold glory there;
While myriad voices catch the sweet refrain,—
Room for our Chief, our honored Martyr slain!

A nation mourns thy loss! Oh, list the dirge
Sweeps through the land like boundless ocean surge,
And booming cannon roar, and muffled drum
And deep-toned bells, like giant footsteps, come;
And pealing organs wailing notes of woe;
And martial music, sadly soft and low;
And sadder yet the low-breathed, earnest sigh

Of sorrowing hearts as they go crowding by.
 In humble cot and proud palatial home,
 From gable low, or tower or massive dome,
 From lofty ship, or tiny dancing boat,
 Where'er the stars and stripes may haply float, —
 In every form the ingenious mind can shape,
 We see displayed the lavish funeral crape.
 If outward seeming inward grief confess,
 Then has the nation proved its deep excess.
 From those who by the confined dead have stood,
 To those who dwell in far-off solitude,
 Has been one deep outpouring of the heart,
 Of which the world at large had little part,
 Save as it mingled in one common woe,
 Whose interests crave the same from high and low.

No prouder pageant ever graced the dead
 Than that which bore him hence with solemn tread,
 Back to the peaceful home where, in years gone
 by,
 He paved his future through obscurity.
 The catafalque might rival eastern kings
 In solemn grandeur, framed from costliest things;
 And richest velvet, draped with silver fringe,

With massive pall and massive silver hinge,
 And glittering silver stars, whose glancing rays
 Obliquely shot through sombre funeral haze,
 And gleaming satin shedding softened light
 Upon the passionless face so cold and white,
 And incense-laden flowers, rich and rare,
 Were pouring out their wealth of perfume there.

Sitting in solemn silence round the bier
 Are men whose names would grace the lordliest
 sphere :

Ulysses Grant, whose name will never die,
 And Farragut, who shares his victory,
 Augur and Halleck, and a host of others,
 Heroes and, better still, a band of brothers,
 Gathered to pay their tribute to the dead,
 And o'er his bier their well-earned honors shed.
 Hark to the measured tramp of martial men,
 The thrilling tones of martial music's strain,
 As, when the impressive funeral rite is o'er,
 They bear him whence he will return no more !

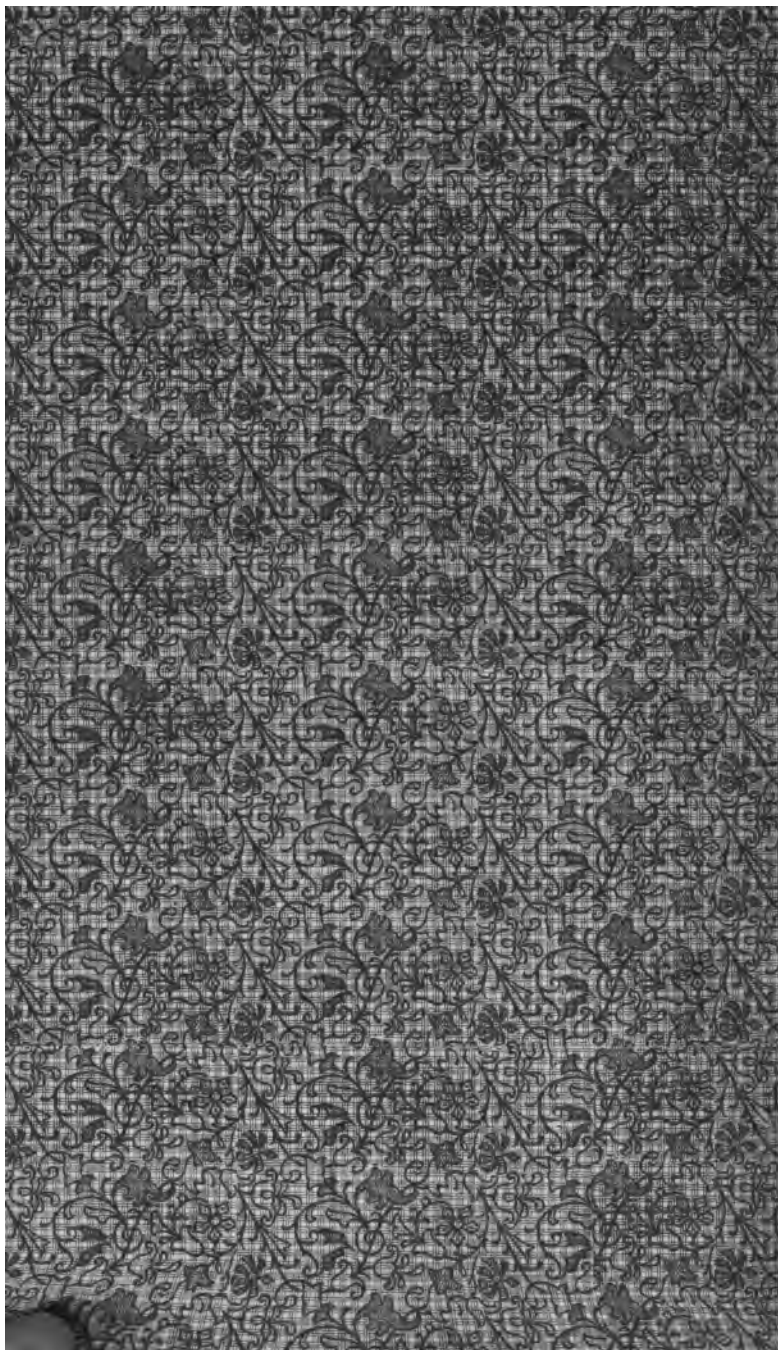
God help the widow and her orphaned ones,
 And grant that round the footsteps of her sons

Wisdom may flow, such as, in every state,
Made Abraham Lincoln's name so truly great.
Lost to their sight, yet may they ofttimes feel
His genial influence softly o'er them steal.
His mission ended, all his work done here,
How know we but, from some more lofty sphere,
The unfettered spirit, free to roam at will,
May give at times a mightier influence still?











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the 1990s, the number of people who are employed in the service sector has increased in all countries. In the Netherlands, the number of people employed in the service sector has increased from 1.5 million in 1980 to 2.5 million in 1995. This increase is due to the fact that the service sector has become a more important part of the economy.

The increase in the number of people employed in the service sector has led to a change in the structure of the economy. The service sector has become a more important part of the economy, and the number of people employed in the service sector has increased. This increase is due to the fact that the service sector has become a more important part of the economy.

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